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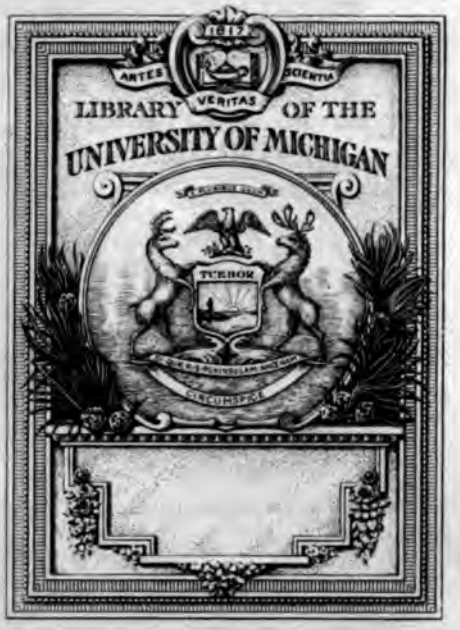

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1817
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ROBT. BURNS & NANSE TINNOCK the HOSTESS at MAUCHLINE.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnocks,
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnocks,
Nine times a week.

VIEWS IN NORTH BRITAIN, Illustrative OF THE WORKS OF Robert Burns.

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE.

Thou whom Chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole;
Grave these counsels on thy Soul

London Published [illegible] by Vernor & Hood Poultry; J. Storer & J. Greig, Chapel Street Pentonville.

VIEWS IN NORTH BRITAIN,

ILLUSTRATIVE

OF THE

WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

ACCOMPANIED WITH

Descriptions,

AND A SKETCH OF THE POET'S LIFE.

BY JAMES STORER AND JOHN GREIG.

Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread;
And Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red:
But never more shall poet tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,
That ever breath'd the soothing strain.

LONDON:

Printed by J. Swan, 76, Fleet Street,

AND PUBLISHED BY VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY;

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CHAPEL STREET, PENTONVILLE.

1805.

English
Masses
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The minute and circumstantial Memoir of the Life of ROBERT BURNS, *from the able pen of* DR. CURRIE, *renders the attempt further to illucidate his character apparently unnecessary; and we have only to apologize for this summary compilation from his Biographer, by observing, that this Illustration of his Works may possibly come into the possession of some who are not only unacquainted with the productions of his muse, but also uninformed of his history: and we shall be happy, if our subordinate efforts tend in any degree to diffuse the knowledge of his fame.*

1-4-40 FAV

We acknowledge, with pleasure, our obligations to the REV. DR. PEEBLES *of Ayr,* DR. SMITH *of Friars' Carse, and* CLAUDE ALEXANDER, ESQ. *of Ballochmyle, from whom we have received much useful information.*

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SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS, the subject of the present sketch, was born in the parish of Ayr, in Ayrshire, on the 25th of January, 1759; his father, who came from the north of Scotland, was at that time gardener to a gentleman of the name of Ferguson; in which situation his conduct was so much approved, that his employer leased him a farm of considerable extent; but the produce, on account of the indifferent soil, and a train of disastrous circumstances, was scarcely adequate to support his family; he still, however, endeavoured to keep them together, being sensible, that their future welfare could only be ensured by giving a virtuous bias to their pliant minds. The order of his father's house is well described by Burns, in his *Cotter's Saturday Night:*

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace,
The big ha' bible, once his father's pride.

He wales a portion with judicious care,
And "let us worship God," he says, with solemn air.

It is much to be regretted that the poet paid such an indifferent regard to the instructions of his pious father, when maturity withdrew him from his admonitions; to this cause may, in some measure, be imputed the errors and sufferings of his subsequent life. His education was nothing superior to what is usual among the peasantry in Scotland; but his father having a taste for books, and the particular attention he received from his schoolmaster, Mr. Murdoch, inspired him with a love of knowledge, which may be considered as a leading string to that eminence, as a poet, which he afterwards attained; yet he displayed so little of that vivacity, for which he was subsequently distinguished, while under the care of his tutor, that the latter was induced to observe, that Burns "was not a genius likely to address the muses."

The daily fatigue he endured in his early years was excessive; at the age of fifteen he was the principal labourer on the farm, his father being unable to pay the hire of a servant. This exposure, in the dawn of youth, to all the severity

of manual exertion, combined with the effects of a coarse and scanty fare, the sad and only recompence of almost incessant toil, occasioned him frequent headachs; which, at a more advanced period of life, were succeeded by a palpitation of the heart, at times so violent as to threaten suffocation. In his twenty-third year, he joined a flax-dresser, at Irvine, in Ayrshire, with an intention to practice the trade, and, at the same time, to render it subservient to the growth of flax; but this design was crushed in its infancy, through the shop wherein he was engaged being consumed by fire: his hopes of independency from a new profession being thus frustrated, he returned to his former occupation. About this period the death of Burns' father induced the family to change their residence, and they jointly rented a farm in the neighbourhood, where, for the space of four years, their utmost exertions were unavailing, to rescue them from the iron hand of want. During this era of labour and distress, strange as it may appear, Robert composed almost the whole of the poems which were published in the first, or Kilmarnock, edition. It was likewise at this, apparently, unpropitious time, that Burns formed an attachment of the tenderest nature, the particulars of which are related by himself, in the lines that follow:

There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were there,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

Young Rabie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kyes,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gae'd wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en,
So trembling pure was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain,
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad make her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Rabie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

O Jeanie fair, I loe thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me,
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

Now, what could artless Jeanie do?
She had na will to say him na;
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

This connection was violently opposed by the parents of Jeanie, and so bitter was their resentment, that they not only compelled her to abandon him, though the most solemn vows had been interchanged, but subjected him to the ignominy of penance, and employed the terriers of the law, who hunted him from place to place like a felon, to obtain from him a maintenance for the fruit of his amour. His reflections were so melancholy on this occasion, that, to use an expression of his own, he "was nearly qualified for a place among those who have lost the chart, and mistaken the reckoning of rationality." Resigning his own share of the farm to his brother, he made preparations for a migration to Jamaica; yet, before he quitted his native country, he resolved to publish his poems. This publication gave a new and unexpected turn to his pursuits, and opened the most inviting prospects, though at a time when his difficulties seemed rapidly approximating to a crisis, for he had composed the last song* that he expected to write in Caledonia, had taken leave of the few he could denominate his friends; and, such were his pecuniary embar-

* "The gloomy night is gathering fast."

rassments, that he had determined on working his passage to Jamaica. Having received encouragement from several persons of literary fame, in November, 1786, he visited Edinburgh, in order to try a second edition of his poems: the periodical paper called the Lounger, was then publishing in that city, and the ninety-seventh number is dedicated to *an account of* ROBERT BURNS, *the* AYRSHIRE PLOUGHMAN, *with extracts from his poems.* This introduced him to very general notice in England, as well as in Scotland, so that a liberal edition of his works was shortly carried off. At Edinburgh he had an opportunity of displaying the manly and independent spirit he possessed: indeed, so much did he dread to be accused of any thing approaching to meanness or servility, that he was in danger on the contrary extreme, and frequently subjected himself to the imputation of superciliousness and arrogance. This independence of his character is finely portrayed in a dedication to Gawen Hamilton, esq.

> Expect na, Sir, in this narration,
> A fleechin fleth'rin dedication
> To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
> An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid;
> Because ye're surnam'd, like *His Grace,*
> Perhaps related to the race.
> Then, when I'm tir'd, and sae are ye,
> Wi' many a fulsome, sinfu' lie,

Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the great folk for a wamefu';
For me, sae laigh, I need na bow,
For, Lord be thankit, I can plough;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg;
Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
Its just sic poet an' sic patron.

And again, in one of his lyrics:

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif for a' that:
For a' that, for a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

At Edinburgh he received the greatest attention, not only from men of letters, but from those of rank and fashion; he was particularly distinguished by the Earl of Glencairn, who introduced him to the *Caledonian Hunt*, an association of the principal nobility and gentry in Scotland; who, extending their patronage to the poet, admitted him to partake of their festivities. This change in his habits made an unfavourable impression on his constitution; but though he could presage with tolerable certainty the result of every de-

viation from the line of temperance, still inclination kept pace with opportunity, and having embarked on the tide of intemperance, he at length became listless to the consequences, and was borne, without resistance, down its fatal stream. From the second edition of his poems, Burns acquired a profit sufficient to enable him to gratify a desire long indulged, which was to visit the banks of the Tweed, and its tributary streams: accordingly, he set out in May, 1787, accompanied by Mr. Anslie, a gentleman who enjoyed much of his friendship and esteem. Having spent about three weeks in exploring the south of Scotland, he made an excursion into Northumberland; visited Alnwick Castle, and the Hermitage and Castle of Warksworth: thence travelling through Morpeth and Newcastle, he returned by Carlisle to his native country. On arriving in Scotland, he proceeded to Dumfries, and shortly after to Mossgiel, in Ayrshire; here he was welcomed with peculiar pleasure by his mother and other relatives, and appeared happy in sharing with them the pecuniary advantages he had acquired. Remaining at Mossgiel a few days, he again set out for Edinburgh, and from that city proceeded on a tour to the Highlands: having accomplished this journey, he returned to Ayrshire, and spent some time indulging a social disposition in the circle of his acquaintance, which was now become respectable and

extensive. Burns was a great admirer of that martial spirit which particularly prevailed in Scotland about the thirteenth century, and the poem on Bannockburn is a proof to what a height of enthusiasm his mind was wrought, on viewing the soil his countrymen had moistened with their blood. In this piece he introduces Bruce addressing the army:

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Caledonian, on wi' me!

Induced by this peculiarity of disposition, he resolved on visiting, in company with a friend, such places as are remarkable in the annals of Scottish fame; and Burns, speaking of this excursion, expresses the particular satisfaction they experienced on being introduced to Mrs. Bruce of Clackmannan, a lineal descendant from Robert de Bruce. This lady, though bowed down by years and infirmity, still possessed a spark of the ancient spirit of her family; for, having in possession the two-handed sword of her renowned ancestor, she conferred on the poet and his associate the honour of knighthood; remarking, at the same time, that she had a

greater right to confer that title than some people. At Dumfermline he visited the abbey church, now used as a place of worship by the Presbyterians: there Burns mounted the pulpit, and addressed to his companion, who was stationed on the stool of penance, a ludicrous reprimand and exhortation, parodied from that which he had himself received on a former occasion. From this tour he returned to Edinburgh, but a curiosity further to explore his native land induced him again to leave the capital, on a more extensive journey than he had yet undertaken.

Early in 1788, he settled with his publisher, and had the satisfaction to find himself possessed of nearly five hundred pounds, two hundred of which he generously advanced to his brother, who had undertaken to provide for his mother and sister. With the remains of his property he resolved to settle on a farm; and, accordingly, about Whitsuntide, in the same year, he hired one on the banks of the Nith, six miles from Dumfries. Shortly before this transaction, he had renewed his addresses where his heart had long been engaged, and, nobly overlooking the injuries received in the days of his poverty, from the parents of his Jeanie, he now made her his lawful wife. The poet was particularly welcome at the tables of the gentlemen of Nithsdale; and in all their social parties his company was considered as an essential acquisition. The continual invitations he re-

ceived gradually excited in his breast a distaste for his regular pursuits, and, being appointed an officer in the excise, for which he had been solicitous, his indifference to the farm became manifest; and though he might sometimes be seen directing the plough, and committing the seed to the ground, his mind was intent on other objects. In addition to the hinderances already mentioned, he was now engaged in the formation of a book-society, and frequently occupied himself in composing songs; thus his business was, in a great measure, neglected; and, notwithstanding the greatest prudence and good management, on the part of Mrs. Burns, he was obliged to relinquish the farm in little more than three years. Having sold his stock, he removed to Dumfries, at the conclusion of the year 1791, hoping to support his family by his income from the excise; but, however desirous he might be of retirement, his poetic fame rendered seclusion impracticable. His company was assiduously courted by the gentry of Dumfries and its vicinity; and his compliance with their invitations exposed him to excesses which he was unwilling, or unable to resist. His intemperance became almost habitual, yet he still cultivated the acquaintance of persons of taste and respectability; and, during the last four years of his life, produced some of his best lyrics, besides other poems published in the later editions of his works. His irregularities were

now making rapid inroads on his constitution, and silently sapping the springs of life; yet, though nearly a twelvemonth before his death, he was conscious, that nothing but an entire change of conduct could protract his existence, he had no resolution to profit by the presentiment. His frame was now wasting daily, and his mind fast sinking into feebleness and despondency: in this enervated state, impatient, and almost desperate, he determined to try the effects of sea-bathing; and, for that purpose, took a residence at Brow, in Annandale, ten miles from Dumfries. At first he appeared to receive benefit from the experiment; but, being attacked by a fever, he was again conveyed to his house, where a delirium soon succeeded, and, on the fourth day after his return, his sufferings were terminated by death, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He was buried at Dumfries with military honours, having been a member of the volunteer corps of that town; and a considerable concourse of people, many of whom were from distant parts, attended his obsequies. Immediately after the death of Burns, the gentlemen of Dumfries opened a subscription for his widow and his four orphan children; which, together with the sale of the copy-right of his poems, afforded her a comfortable prospect of future subsistence.

The beautiful *epitaph* written by Burns, on himself, is so strongly illustrative of his character,

that we are persuaded a better finish cannot be given to this sketch, than by its insertion here. Precept, when founded on the deductions of experience, becomes of ten-fold greater value than when its crude advice is the simple inference of reflection.

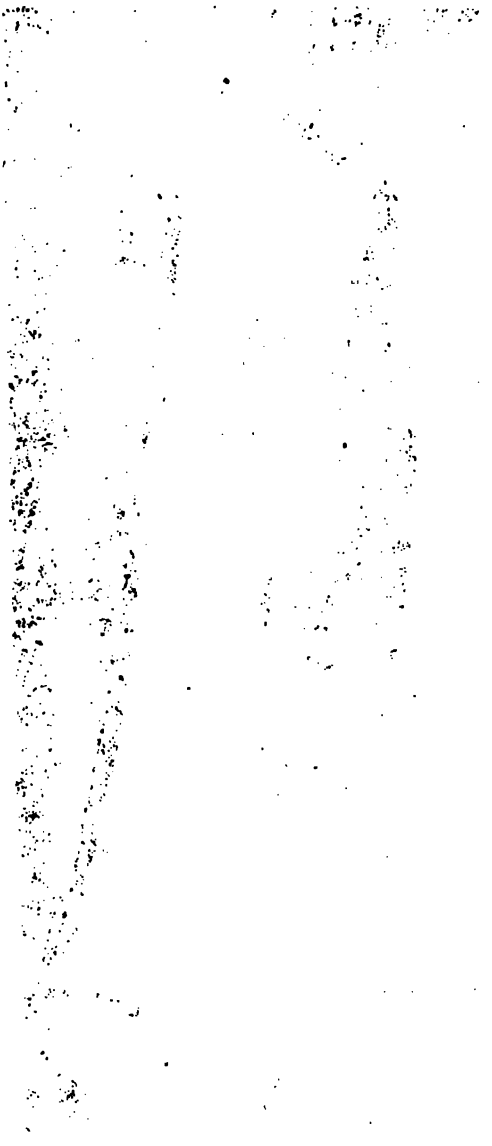
Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And *softer flame;*
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*
Is Wisdom's root.



THE BRIGS OF AYR.

Auld Brig appeard of ancient Pictish race

AN

ILLUSTRATION

OF THE

WORKS

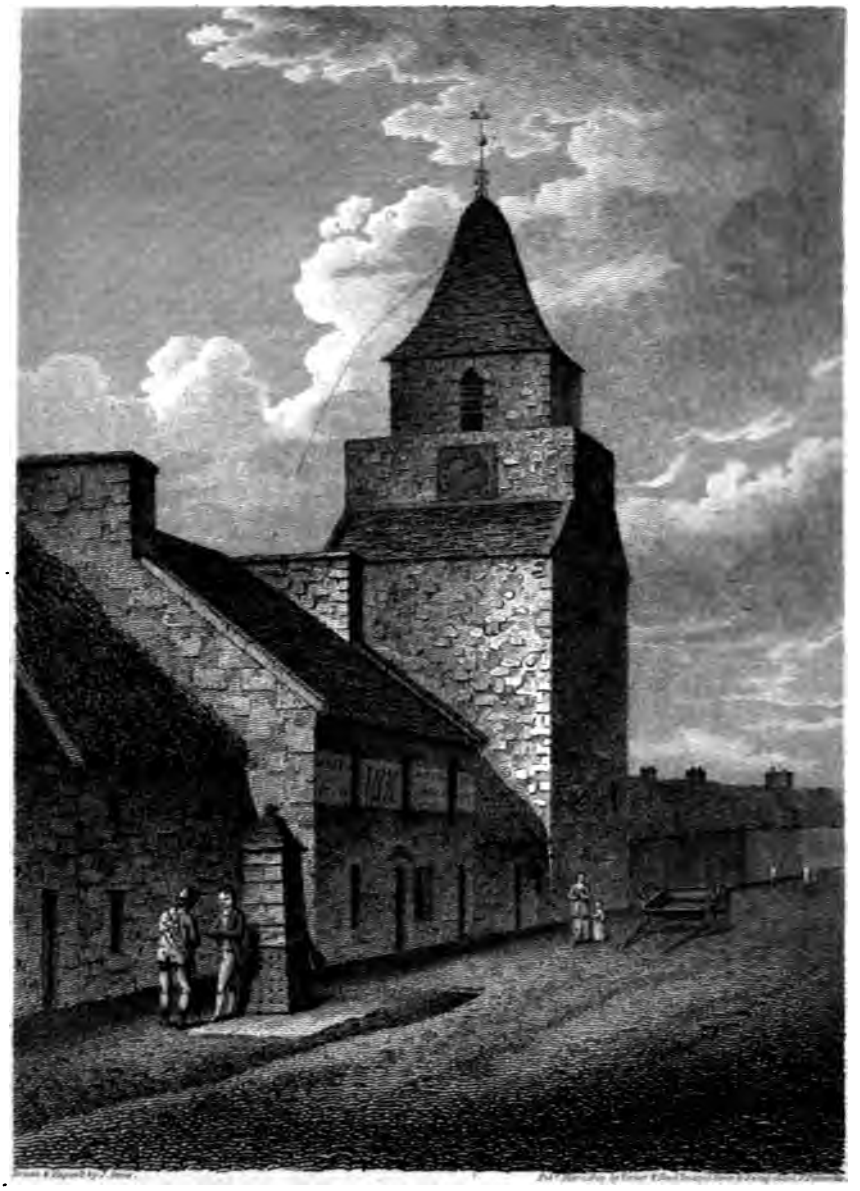
OF

ROBERT BURNS.

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

THE old bridge, which consists of four arches, and, like most bridges of ancient times, rises to a considerable height, was, for several hundred years, the only pass over the Ayr from Kyle, on the way to Carrick. About sixty years ago, no other bridge, for the extent of fifteen miles, existed on that river except the old bridge at Barskimming, the seat of Sir Thomas Miller, one of the Lords of the Court of Session. It is probable that the old bridge at Ayr was built at the expence of the county; but at what time is difficult to determine. It has undergone many repairs; but being extremely inconvenient, both on account of its height and the narrowness of the path along it, (for it was with difficulty that two carriages could pass each other) is now restricted to foot passen-

gers; and a new bridge has been built, about a hundred and fifty yards below: this was finished in the year 1789, under the auspices of John Ballantine, esq. provost of the burgh. It is a neat, well-executed structure; and consists of five arches, but wants the majestic appearance of the old bridge. The arches are built rather low, on purpose to render the ascent for carriages more easy. The entrance from the north-east is awkward, owing to a row of buildings on the side of Newton, that terminates within a few yards of the bridge, and in a direct line with the passage over it. The other end fronts the town-house and steeple, about a hundred yards distant, which, like Middle-Row, in Holborn, and the Luckenbooths, at Edinburgh, stand in the middle of the street. A little below the new bridge is the harbour. The prospect to the mouth of the river is beautiful: over the expanse of the sea are seen the lofty hills of Arran, whose tops, often covered with snow, are, at times, lost in the clouds. It appears that Burns, in his poem, entituled the *Brigs of Ayr*, was proceeding along the old bridge from the town of Ayr, to a well-known tavern on the other side, when the genii of the brigs made their appearance. The town steeple, to which the dungeon clock belongs, is seen in the view.



WALLACE TOW'R, AYR.

The drowsy dungeon clock had numb'ered two.
And Wallace Tow'r had sworn the fact was true.

WALLACE TOWER, AYRSHIRE.

WALLACE TOWER, in the town of Ayr, is a small edifice, badly constructed, about thirty feet in height, besides the roof in the form of a spire. It is, however, ornamented with the dial-plate of a clock, and contains a small bell, to which Burns alludes in his poem on the Brigs of Ayr. Wallace Tower stands within a hundred yards of the river Ayr, to the west, on the left hand side of the street, that leads winding from the cross of Ayr, and which terminates in two roads, the one to Cumnock, and the other to the old bridge, over the Doon to Carrick. This Tower, according to tradition, derives its name from William Wallace, commonly called Sir William Wallace, who is celebrated in the history of Scotland, and of whom Thomson justly says,

"Great patriot hero! ill-requited chief!"

When Edward I. towards the end of the thirteenth century, had subjected Scotland to his dominion, he placed garrisons in the most noted towns. At Ayr, it is reported, he stationed a governor with a considerable number of troops, who resided in a house that was called the Barns of Ayr, situated near the river, not far from Wallace Tower, but of which no traces now remain. By

Wallace's dexterity, the house was set on fire, and consumed, through which a number of the English soldiers lost their lives. Before that event, it is said, that the English garrison having (by stratagem) got Wallace into their power, imprisoned him in the building now called by his name; which, in those days, was appropriated for criminals. After languishing in bad health in that gloomy dungeon, he at last, by the aid of his friends, made his escape, and was carried almost lifeless across the river, and secreted in the house of an old woman, once his nurse, in the small burgh of Newton upon Ayr. It is many years since Wallace Tower was used as a prison; more secure and convenient apartments having been fitted up before the town-house of the burgh of Ayr.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH ROBERT BURNS WAS BORN.

THIS cottage is situated at a short distance from Ayr, near to Kirk Alloway, and has nothing remarkable to recommend it, unless considered of consequence, on account of its being the birth-place of such an eminent poet.

The house was built by William Burness, the father of Robert, shortly after whose birth, one end of it fell down, which occasioned an alarm, easier conceived than described. This house consisted of a kitchen at one extremity, and at the other was a room, dignified with the luxury of a fire-place and chimney; things not usual, at that time, in the cottages of the peasantry of Scotland. William Burness also constructed, in the kitchen, a concealed bed, with a small closet at the end, of the same materials with the house, and being altogether cast over both outside and inside with mortar, it had a neat and comfortable appearance.

The person who occupies it at present has turned it into a snug public house; at this house, yearly, on the birth-day of Burns, a social party meet, and celebrate it with festivity and rejoicing; scarcely a traveller passes, who does not there

pay a tribute to the memory of the poet; and the possessor has contrived that none shall pass without knowing who once inhabited it, by placing the following inscription near the door:

Halt, passenger, and read:
This is the humble cottage,
that gave birth to the celebrated
poet, ROBERT BURNS,

KIRK ALLOWAY

LIES within a few yards of the road that leads from Ayr to Carrick. It is a place of great antiquity, but has been gradually decaying, since the union of the parish of Alloway to that of Ayr, a circumstance which took place above a century ago. The former parish is considered as one of the oldest in Scotland; and, though the consequence of its union with Ayr is the near dissolution of its venerable kirk, still the inhabitants retain some peculiar privileges, which abundantly testify its ancient importance. Burns has rendered the church famous by his tale of *Tam o'Shanter*, composed at the request of the late learned antiquary, Captain Grose, to accompany a view, engraved for his antiquities of Scotland. It appears to be, by the concurrent testimony of the country, a place notorious for the nocturnal revels of witches and fairies; and the poet, favouring the conceit of his countrymen, has given, in the piece above mentioned, a description of one of their assemblies; and, after representing them in the height of their magical sport, under the presidency of "Auld Nick," he adds an inventory of attendant circumstances, that exhibits a mind fertile with images of the most terrific nature.

Coffins stood round, like open presses;
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp, his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled.
Whom his ain son o'life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft:
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which e'en to name wad be unlawfu'!

In the burial ground of Kirk Alloway is interred the remains of William Burness*, the father of the poet, and a stone is seen in the left corner of the annexed view, on which is engraved this inscription to his memory:

THIS STONE WAS ERECTED TO THE
MEMORY OF
WILLIAM BURNESS,
LATE FARMER IN LOCHLEE PARISH, OF TARBOLTON,
Who died Feb. 13, 1784, *aged* 63 *years; and was buried here.*

The wall of the church-yard being nearly

* The name was abreviated by the poet and his brother Gilbert.

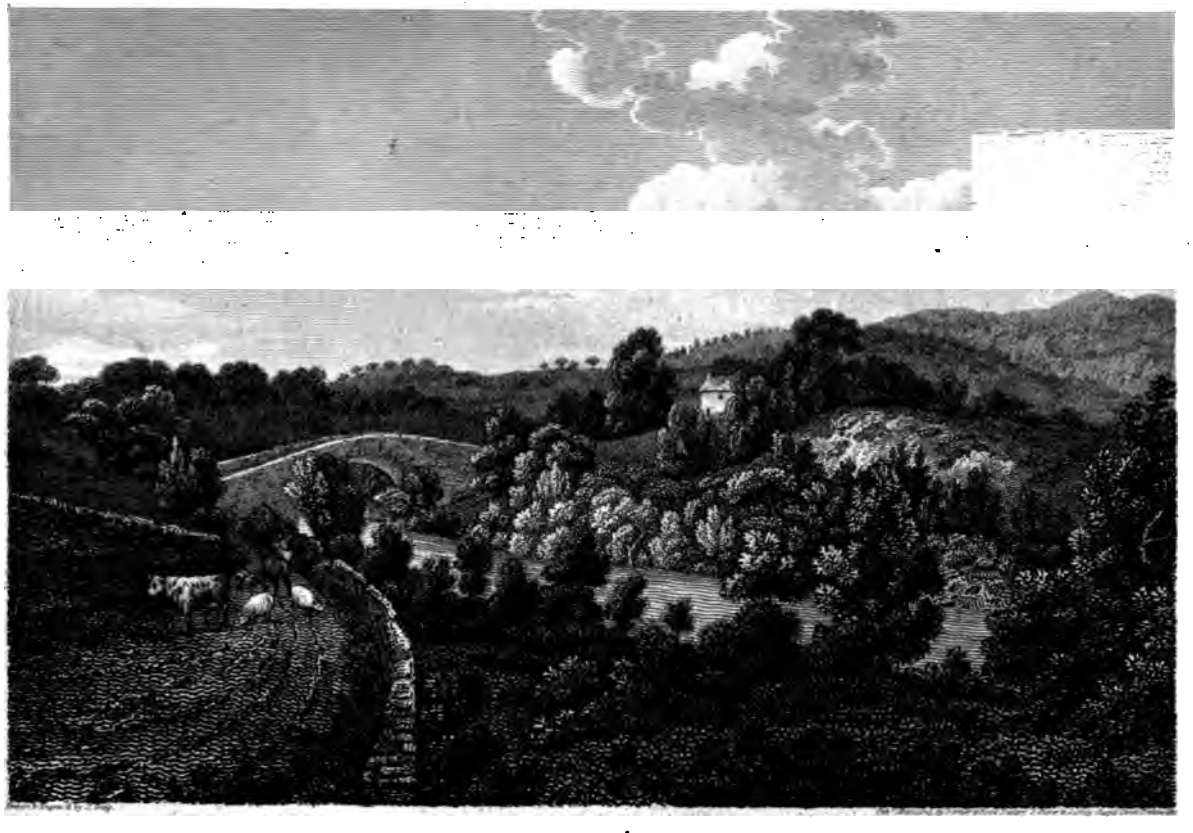
destroyed, at the time of his residence in its vicinity, he joined two or three neighbours in an application to the town council of Ayr, for permission to rebuild it, which was granted, and a subscription raised for the purpose; since that time, the inclosed ground was considered the burial place of the family, and Burns himself expressed an intention to rest his bones there, when they should be no longer serviceable to him, but his anticipation was not realised.

The place appropriated for public worship in the church was small, scarcely accommodating three hundred persons; some years ago the roof was standing, and a few seats, and the gallery or loft at the west end, were visible; but nothing now remains except the walls. It is worthy of notice, that, notwithstanding the decay of the kirk, the bell retains its ancient situation, as may be seen in the print, with a remnant of the chain. An attempt to remove it was made by the magistrates a short time since, but the zeal of the peasantry interposed, and the design was abandoned.

BANKS OF THE DOON.

THE river Doon, about two miles S.W. from the burgh of Ayr, divides Kyle from Carrick. For several miles from its mouth, its banks are beautifully diversified with plantations, well-cultivated fields, and neat villas. Mount Charles was built a few years ago, by the late Robert Gairdner, esq. once in the East India Company's service; Doon-side, the property of —— Crawford, esq.; Doon-holm, the country seat of John Hunter, esq. writer to the signet; Blairston, an antiquated building, belonging to David Cathcart, esq. advocate; Monkwood, the property of James Ferguson, esq. advocate; and the old castle of Cassellis, whence the Earl of Cassellis derives his title: the latter is a sequestered spot, where the muses may sport, and happy lovers renew Arcadian scenes, as in days of yore. The Doon, though not fed by so many tributary streams as the Ayr, pours down a larger quantity of water. During the summer months its channel is always full. The ruins of Greenan Castle, at a small distance from the mouth of the Doon, on a rock on Carrick shore, have a very striking and picturesque effect.

The bridge of Doon, seen in the view, is noticed in Burns' tale of *Tam o'Shanter*. It is said,



THE BANKS O'DOON.

Of hae Proud to Jenny Doon.

that witches and evil spirits have no power to continue a pursuit further than the middle of the next running stream; and Tam's mare, having just gained the "key stane o' the brig," was overtaken,

> For Nannie, far before the rest,
> Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
> And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle,
> But little wist she Maggie's mettle;
> Ae spring brought off her master hale,
> But left behind her ain grey tail:
> The carlin claught her by the rump,
> And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

THE

BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

On the steep bank of the river Ayr, about thirteen miles above the county town, in the parish of Mauchline, stands the house of Ballochmyle. It was built about two-and-forty years ago, by the late Mr. Allan Whitefoord, receiver-general of his Majesty's land-taxes for Scotland; and is now the property of Claud Alexander, esq. late paymaster-general of the Company's forces in Bengal. The situation is very romantic, being elevated two hundred feet above the river, and surrounded with fine natural woods and plantations, which are celebrated by Burns in these pathetic strains:

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile;
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Farewell, farewell, sweet Ballochmyle.

From the house is seen, through the trees, a peep of the thriving village of Catrine, situated a mile further up the river: it is built on a regular plan, and, though it was commenced only

BALLANYLE.

The residence of Claude Alexander Esq.

about eighteen years ago, it now contains nearly eighteen hundred souls; who are chiefly supported by the extensive cotton-works which were erected by David Dale, esq. of Glasgow, and Mr. Alexander, his partner, in the year 1787. The works are now the property of Messrs. Kirkman, Finlay, and Co. of Glasgow. The manufactory has a lofty and extensive front, closely glazed. Coming suddenly and unexpectedly through a country, wild as this is, upon such an object, glittering in the full blaze of a noon-tide sun, it has a most magnificent appearance; and, at the moment, seems rather the effect of magic than reality.

*LINCLUDEN COLLEGE**.

THIS religious institution was founded by Uthered, father to Roland, lord of Galloway, during the reign of Malcolm the Fourth, king of Scotland; who placed here a convent of nuns, of the Benedictine order, and endowed it with diverse lands, lying within the baronies of Corse Michael and Drumsleith, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Archibald the Grim, earl of Douglas, a man of singular piety, provoked by the immoral conduct of the nuns, who disregarded his admonitions, formed the resolution of expelling them, which he effected, prior to the year 1400; and established in their room a college, consisting of a provost and twelve beadsmen.

On the death of the last provost, A. D. 1565, Lincluden became a temporary barony, and formed part of the possessions of the family of Nithsdale: we are informed, that it is now the property of William Hagerston Maxwell Constable, esq.

The venerable ruins of this college are situated about a mile and a half north-west from Dumfries, on the banks of the Clouden, a tributary stream to the river Nith. The structure,

* See the poem intituled, *A Vision.*

LINCLUDEN COLLEGE

The stream adown its narrow'ly path
Was rushing by the ruin'd wall,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,

LINCLUDEN COLLEGE.

though low, and built with a dull red stone, presents a most beautiful and highly-enriched specimen of the English, or pointed style of Gothic architecture; the windows are ornamented with peculiar richness, and, in the general decoration, no part, interior or exterior, has been forgotten.

On viewing this elegant pile, where the most exquisite workmanship is mouldering, obsolete, and almost in oblivion, sensations of the strongest regret are excited.

Part of the upper roof of its chancel is yet in existence, though the lower one is entirely demolished; on the wall is a beautiful monument, to the memory of Margaret, daughter of Robert the Third, king of Scotland, and wife to Archibald, earl of Douglas, and duke of Terouan.

The sequestered situation of this college, the romantic scenery in its immediate neighbourhood, the gentle murmuring of the Clouden, and the distant roaring of the "swells and fa's" of the Nith, seem to have inspired the poet with the most sublime ideas. His poem, intituled, *A Vision*, is a proof of his fondness for liberty, though prudential reasons have here, as in other instances, prevented the full expression of his sentiments; it is also interesting, as conveying to the person who has visited these ruins correct ideas of their situation. The tower, mentioned in the beginning of the poem, is attached to the college, and seen in both the views here given: it was formerly

the residence of the provost, but is not so ancient as the college itself: this, as well as the rest, is totally in ruins: here

> The wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
> Th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
> And tells the midnight moon her care.

FRIARS CARSE, DUMFRIESSHIRE.

FRIARS' CARSE, DUMFRIESSHIRE.

FRIARS' CARSE is situated near the river Nith, about six miles from Dumfries. The present building is modern, but derives its name from a *friary* which formerly stood on this spot, and was subordinate to Melross Abbey. At the time of the Reformation, this establishment was dissolved, and the lands rendered private property. The estate, till lately, belonged to Robert Riddel, esq. of Glenriddel; and, while in his possession, a contest was held here, which gave rise to Burns' ballad called *The Whistle;* a short history of which it may be necessary to subjoin. When Anne of Denmark came to Scotland with James the sixth, in her train was a Danish gentleman of uncommon prowess and gigantic stature, and withal a decided votary of Bacchus. It was his custom, when engaged in excess of drinking, to place upon the table a small Whistle of ebony, and whoever last retained ability to blow it was entitled to bear it away as a trophy of victory. This thirsty hero produced credentials of his invincible hardihood at various foreign courts, and gave a general challenge to the Scotch, many of whom he vanquished; he was at length encountered by Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelton, who, after an onset of three days and three nights, left the inebriated Dane sense-

less upon the ground, and "blew on the whistle his requiem shrill." Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert, afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel, of Glenriddel, from whom Robert Riddel, the proprietor of Friars' Carse, was lineally descended. This gentleman, possessing the Whistle by inheritance, risked it once more on the 16th of October, 1791, at Friars' Carse, in a match against Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelton, descended from Sir Robert Laurie, before mentioned, and Alexander Ferguson, esq. of Craigdarroch; the latter of whom proved the conqueror. On this occasion Burns was appointed umpire; and, by his own account, a more fit person could not have been assigned to such a task: he says,

> A bard was selected to witness the fray,
> And tell future ages the feats of the day;
> A bard, who detested all sadness and spleen,
> And wish'd that Parnassus a *vineyard* had been.

The window which is on the right of the door, when looking towards the house, belongs to the dining room wherein this famous Whistle was contended for. After having drank six bottles each (according to the ballad) one of the party left the field of action.

> Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
> No longer the warfare ungodly would wage;
> A high-ruling elder to wallow in wine!
> He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The others continued their exertions till sunrise the following morning, when the prize was awarded by Burns; who, striding across the vanquished Sir Robert, as he lay on the ground, drank off a bottle, and, inviting the victor to follow his example, breaks out into this hyperbolical praise:

"Craigdarrock, thou'lt soar, when creation shall sink,
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

Friars' Carse is now the property of Dr. Smith, of the royal navy, who, though he may have but few pretensions to the whistle, has remitted nothing of the ancient hospitality of the house. The entrance to this pleasant retreat is through a thick plantation of fir, on the right side of the road, coming from Dumfries. In the midst of the plantation, upon an eminence, ascended by a serpentine walk, stands the hermitage*. In this gloomy and sequestered hut, Burns composed a small piece, containing many serious and prudential maxims; the elegant effusion of which is of far more easy acquirement than the

* See the vignette title-page.

fortitude to ensure their practice; a remark amply justified by the poet's own experience. The two first verses, and the two last lines of this piece, are written by his own hand, on a square of glass in the hermitage window, and are as follows:

Thou, whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in rustic weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul:

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope, not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

Stranger, go, Heav'n be thy guide,
Quod the beadsman of Nithside.

A bay-tree has lately been planted here, in memory of the bard: the hermitage also has been recently repaired, and its possessor seems anxious, for the poet's sake, to preserve it from the ravages of time. Descending from the hermitage, a fine lawn presents itself in front of the house, studded with trees of oak, ash, and elm. The lawn is, one side, bounded by the Nith, the opposite bank of which is adorned with a richly-varied hanging wood, that extends itself to a considerable length, winding with the meanders of the stream. The house commands a most delightful

view of the vale of Nith, which, in this part, is extremely picturesque: the several gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood, that rise with simple elegance, give a pleasing variety to the rural scene. Among them is one of those castellated mansions so common in this part of Scotland; and, at present, the residence of Colonel Newall Maxwell. Cowhill, the seat of George Johnston, is likewise worthy of notice; as well as Dalswinton, the superb mansion of Patrick Miller, esq. This gentleman was a valuable friend to Burns; he gave him the farm of Ellisland on his own terms, and supplied him liberally with the means of stocking it with cattle and other requisites. At the distance of about half a mile from Friars' Carse is a lake, in the centre of which is an island, founded on pillars or piles; according to tradition, this place was used by the friars as a repository for their treasure, when the English made their accustomed inroads, during the wars between the two nations.

The prospect in front of the house is terminated by the hills of Tinwald and Setherwald; and, at a distance of more than thirty miles, may be seen the celebrated mountain of Skiddaw, in Cumberland, with the adjoining fells. The view from the back part of the house is generally and deservedly admired; the scenery being in a more bold and magnificent scale than what has been just noticed. The first remarkable object

which presents itself, is a considerable mount, at a short distance, on which stands a circle of immensely large stones, representing a Druid's temple; this was erected by the late Mr. Riddel, of Glenriddel, secretary to the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, and formerly proprietor of the Carse. A little to the right is the Mallach hill, on the summit of which is an artificial ruin: this structure suffered materially by an earthquake, that occurred here on the 8th of September, 1801. The view from the ruin is uncommonly grand and extensive, commanding a prospect of the whole vale of the Nith, the Solway Frith, the town of Dumfries, Lincluden Abbey, and the coast and mountains of Cumberland. To the left, from the house, is the seat of William Laidlow esq. of Allerton; and, about two miles up the river, is the elegant bridge of Auldgrith, on the Glasgow road, near to which is Blackwood, the seat of William Copland, of Collieston.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

THE

BANKS OF THE NITH.

THE river Nith has its rise in Ayrshire, and flowing thence through an exceeding fertile valley, called Nithsdale, in Dumfriesshire, it joins the Solway Frith, a few miles south of Dumfries. The banks of the Nith are, in most parts, beautifully diversified with wood and corn fields; and the surrounding country is frequently bounded by majestic hills, that rear their towering heads among the clouds.

The soil about Dumfries appears as fertile as any in North Britain; the vale of Nith, in its immediate vicinity, is particularly delightful, and has been already noticed in the description of Friars' Carse. The favourite walks of Burns on the Nith were probably from Lincluden College to some miles above the Carse, though he had frequent occasions, when employed in the excise, to proceed much farther. The view annexed is about twenty miles from the town of Dumfries, on the high road to Ayr, and is known, locally, by the name of *Hill Cauldron.* Here the water, flowing rapidly along, foams over huge misshapen rocks, that lie half immersed in the bed of

the river. The channel is of a considerable depth; and the contiguous banks have been enriched and beautified by nature in a lavish and delightful manner.

EDINBURGH.

Edina Scotia's darling seat!

THE

CITY OF EDINBURGH.

THIS city is one of the most ancient in the north of Europe; its origin cannot be correctly ascertained by historians or antiquaries; but it appears to have been of some degree of importance in those barbarous times, of which few records remain. It is situated in the Roman province called Valentia, which included the territory between the two Roman walls; that of Hadrian on the south, and that of Antoninus on the north. This territory also belonged to the Picts, but was conquered from them by the Scots, under Kenneth the Second. Through its situation, being within fifty-four miles of the English border, its neighbourhood was the scene of many sanguinary conflicts between the two hostile nations.

Since the union of the two crowns, Edinburgh has gradually increased, and now presents a picture of opulence; a convincing proof of the benefit of the union to the northern part of the British isle.

The castle of Edinburgh (which has sustained several sieges, and is a place where much blood has been shed) is apparently impregnable: the area of the rock, on which it stands, is about six acres, from which the descent is very precipitous; in some parts being nearly perpendicular, and on no side to be ascended, except from the east. In general, its height from the base is not less than three hundred feet.

The palace of Holy-rood-house is an elegant stone fabric, consisting of a square, decorated with a piazza and a spacious walk on each side. Above the porch, or principal entrance, are the royal Scots arms, as borne before the union.—Burns, viewing this place, exclaims:

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings, of other years,
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home.

Alas! how chang'd, the times to come,
Their royal name, low in the dust;
Their hapless race, wild-wand'ring, roam,
Though rigid law cries out, 'twas just.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks, and ruin'd gaps,
Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore.

E'en I, who sing in rustic lore,
Haply *my sires* have left their shed,
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold following where *your* fathers led.

The impossibility of our entering into an ample description of the numerous public buildings, charitable institutions, &c. in Edinburgh, induces us to refer our readers to a new work, intituled, the "BEAUTIES of SCOTLAND," in the first part of which every satisfaction may be obtained; and the same with respect to the scenery around the city.

We cannot conclude our account without noticing the dignified conduct of Burns towards a brother poet, Robert Ferguson, to whose memory he erected a tomb-stone, in the Cannongate kirk-yard; on which is the following inscription, engraved under Burns' direction:

Here Lies
ROBERT FERGUSON, POET,

Born, September 5th, 1751;
Died, October 16th, 1774.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay!
No storied urn, nor animated bust!
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

On the other side of the stone is as follows:

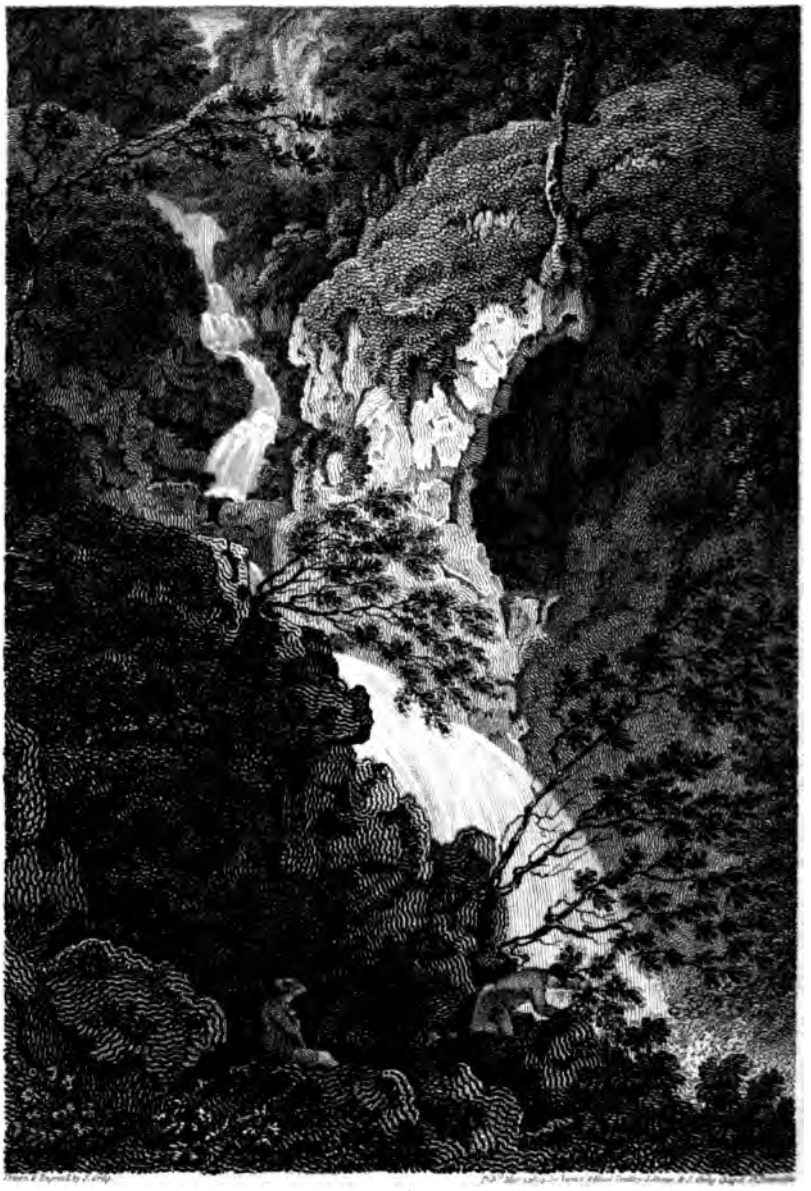
By special grant of the Managers

To ROBERT BURNS,

Who erected this Stone, this burial place is ever to remain

Sacred to the Memory of

Robert Ferguson.



ABERFELDY UPPER FALL.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's.
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's.
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks o' Aberfeldy.

ABERFELDIE LOWER FALL.

The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers
The birks o' Aberfeldie.

THE

BIRKS OF ABERFELDIE.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the village of Aberfeldie, in Perthshire, is a deep wooded glen, following the course of a mountain streamlet, which wantons in Nature's wildest forms, among chasms and excavated rocks. The beauty of the scenery is heightened by the rich and luxuriant foliage of the lofty fir and spreading ash, intermixed with the taper hazel and the drooping birch; which, moving with the gentle gales, breathe responsive murmurs to the sound of innumerable cascades, that rush headlong down, and are collected into two falls of considerable magnitude. The approach to the falls is through a mazy and intricate path, and cannot safely be attempted by strangers without a guide. The frequent windings of the way produce an ever-changing variety of grand and picturesque effect. In many parts the rocks elevate their stupendous bulk in gloomy majesty, emitting from their perforated sides numerous rills, that stray among the entangled roots of trees and shrubs, till they join the rapid current, that winds its foaming course in the rude

channel below. The dashing sound of the falls is heard at a distance through the wood, and the mind anticipates with awe the approaching scene. Those unaccustomed to Nature in her wildest dress, are not without reason, surprised to find the poet Burns making choice of this place for amorous assignations. But custom dissipates every apprehension of danger, and a frequent visiter can enter into the very spirit of his language, when addressing his "bonnie lassie," he says,

> Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
> They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me;
> Supremely blest, wi' love and thee,
> In the birks of Aberfeldie.

Arriving at the lower fall, a grand display of water meets the eye, and, looking downward, the rushing of the stream, nearly forty feet below, aided by the savage scenery around, and the united roarings of both the falls, creates a trepidation not easily subdued. The alarm, thus excited, is increased on the way to the upper fall: the ascent is, in many places, steep and slippery; the din of waters becomes more powerful, and anxiety is succeeded by consternation, when, on a sudden turn of the path, the cataract bursts at once upon the sight. The dreadful force of the waters is here seen, and the thundering noise occasioned by their fall precludes the interchange of speech.

Bold, jutting rocks present themselves immediately. in front, and are completely excavated into an immense cauldron below, where the waters fall, and rise again in continual mist to a considerable height. This interesting scene is adorned with noble trees, and others of smaller growth, that spread their branches to the nutricious and incessant moisture; the ground likewise is embossed with flowers, which imbibe the falling dew. But Nature spreads her sweets in vain, while amazement retains full possession of the faculties, and admiration is lost in wonder and astonishment.

THE

VILLAGE OF KENMORE,

NEAR

TAYMOUTH,

THE RESIDENCE OF THE EARL OF BRAIDALBIN,

Perthshire.

THE situation of the small, but increasing village of Kenmore, is the most inchanting that can well be conceived; simple in itself, it stands surrounded by sublime and imposing scenery. From the eminences of Taymouth, the country around is seen in all its grandeur; and it is no wonder that Burns should employ his muse in a tribute of praise, on beholding a prospect so calculated to fix his attention, and to call forth the powers of his mind. Immediately behind Kenmore, when seen from Taymouth, is Loch Tay, whose banks are covered with wood, interspersed with corn-fields, and variegated with the blushing blossoms of the heath, umbrageous plantations, and matted underwood. At intervals may be seen, though indistinctly, the two roads leading to Killin, winding along the borders of the lake. On the right hand, a bold

KENMORE from TAYMOUTH.

The meeting cliffs each deep sunk glen divides

and richly-wooded hill presents itself; which, projecting its ample bosom, exults to see its varied aspect reflected from the surface of the glassy lake. On the left, in the extreme distance, is Ben-More, the loftiest of the Grampian Hills; and, on the extremity of the northern shore of the lake, rises the majestic hill of Lawrs. An attempt to describe the grounds of Taymouth would carry us far beyond our intended limits; the beauties of Nature and Art seem here combined, and fully convey all that can be imagined from the language of Burns.

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment in these lonely bounds
Find balm to sooth her bitter, rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'n-ward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget, and pardon man.

THE

FALLS OF BRUAR,

Perthshire.

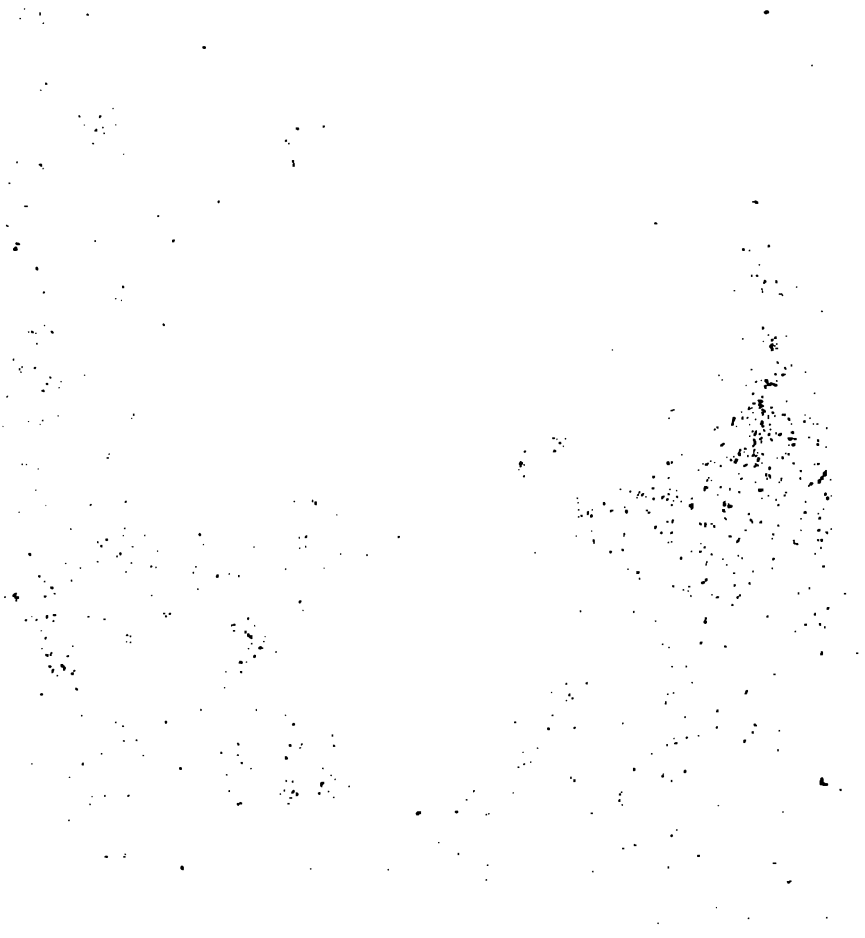
THE beauty of many of Burns' subjects consists not only in the elegance of their diction, but in their *descriptive* truth; indeed, so remarkable was he for this, that a tourist of great celebrity* observes, "that Burns seems to have made a poetical tour through the country." This remark is fully exemplified in "The humble petition of Bruar Water to the noble Duke of Athol." No description can be more correct, and it only remains for us to convey some idea of the surrounding scenery.

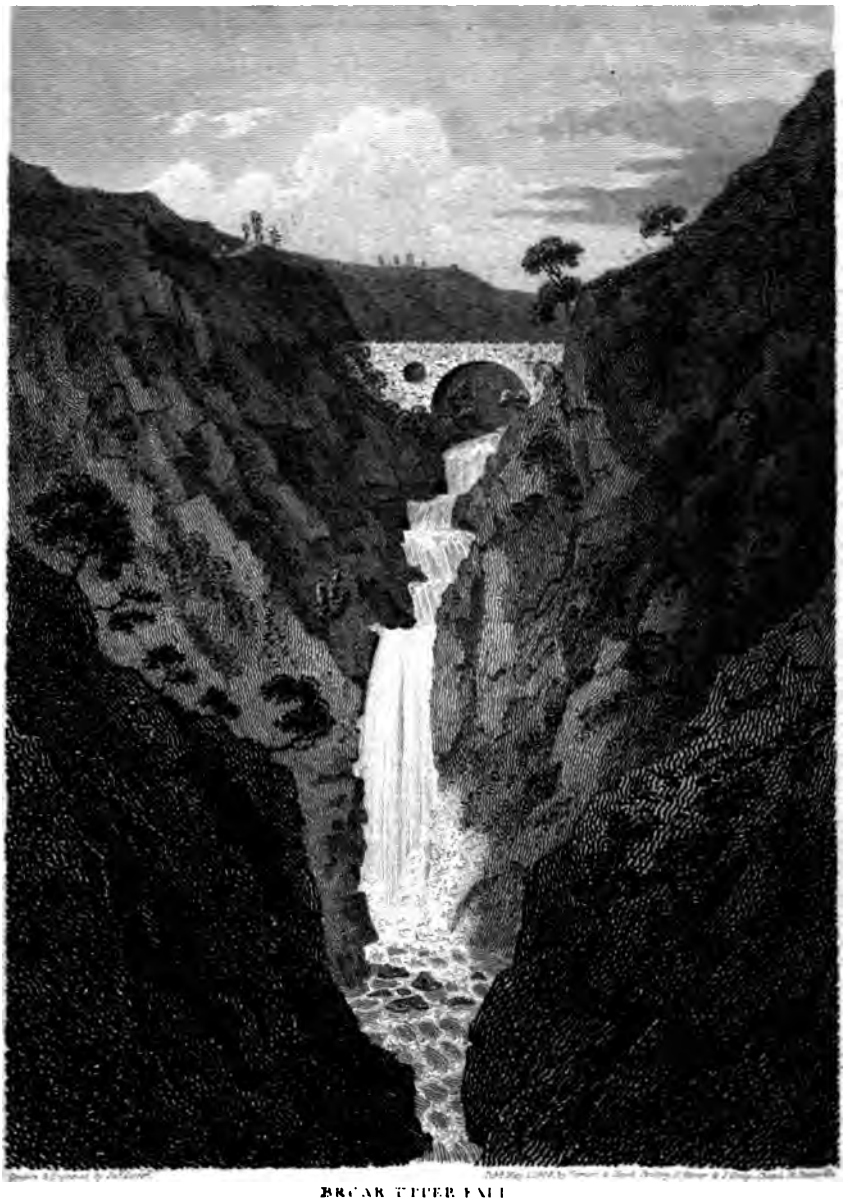
The Falls are on the grounds of His Grace the Duke of Athol, and about four miles from his residence at Blair, in Perthshire. The Duke has in part taken up the idea of the poet; and, if the situation is congenial to their growth, lofty firs, at some future period, will raise their towering heads, and shade the "lowly banks" of the Bruar; but, at

* Campbell.

BRUAR LOWER FALL.

Here foaming down the shelvy rocks
In twisting strength I rin.





BRCAR UPPER FALL

present, the young plants are so small, that they rather injure than grace the view. It is to be hoped that soon "ashes cool" and "fragrant birks in woodbines drest," will be added to the firs already planted; and then, and not till then, we conceive, will the beautiful and romantic picture which Burns has delineated be complete.

The entrance to the grounds is on the side of the high road, close to the banks of the Bruar, over which the road is constructed. Immediately on entering, a walk presents itself, ornamented with many beautiful cascades and rocks fantastically excavated; which, doubtless, created in the mind of the bard the sensations expressed in the following lines:

"Here, haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountains grey;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild, chequering through the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse, swelling on the breeze."

Proceeding along this walk about a mile, through scenes of the most wild and extravagant description, and which receive additional sublimity from the incessant murmuring of the various minor falls of water, the hoarser clamour of the principal

cataracts begin to be distinguished; and, on advancing, every feebler sound is gradually precluded. Water-falls of any considerable magnitude, with their general concomitants, are of the most imposing nature, and fill the mind with ideas which none but a poet can happily express.

The first, or lower fall, though inferior to the upper one in height, on account of its greater breadth, claims a decided preference.

Crossing the rapid stream by a bridge of rude stone, the path winds its undulated course through scenes of increasing grandeur, to the upper fall; here the Bruar precipitates itself from a considerable height between immense rocks, whose jutting points and shelvy breadths but accelerate its speed; and, surmounting every obstruction, it rolls its headlong torrent to the deep-worn chasm, with indignant roar.

The duke has erected in front of each of the falls a commodious hovel, from which they may be seen to great advantage. The land in the immediate vicinity of the Bruar is remarkable only for its steril appearance; which is perhaps incurable. We are inclined to believe that, if the soil would admit of cultivation, the poet's lamentation, on behalf of the stream, would not have been occasioned.

" Along these lonely regions, where, retir'd
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude."....

A most striking contrast is exhibited to the highly-cultivated pleasure grounds of the nobility and gentry in general.

THE

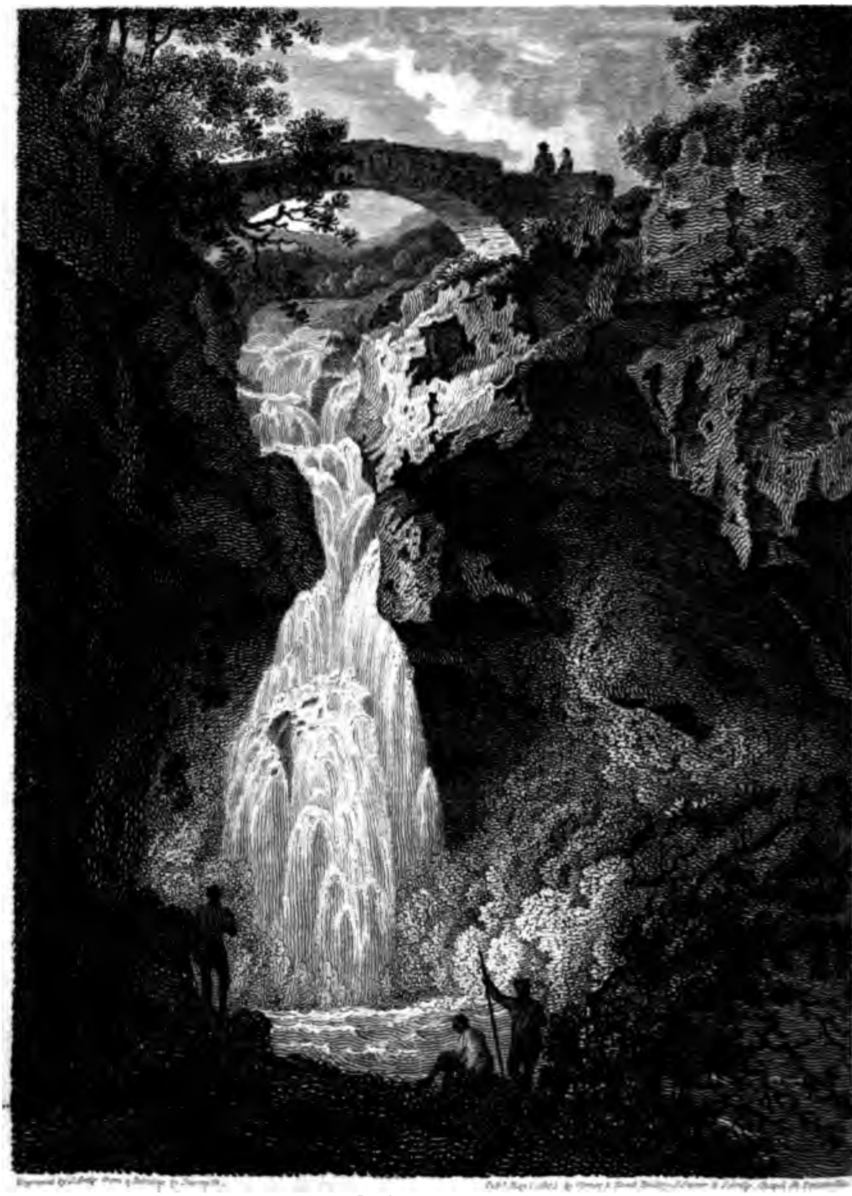
FALLS OF FYERS,

NEAR

Loch Ness.

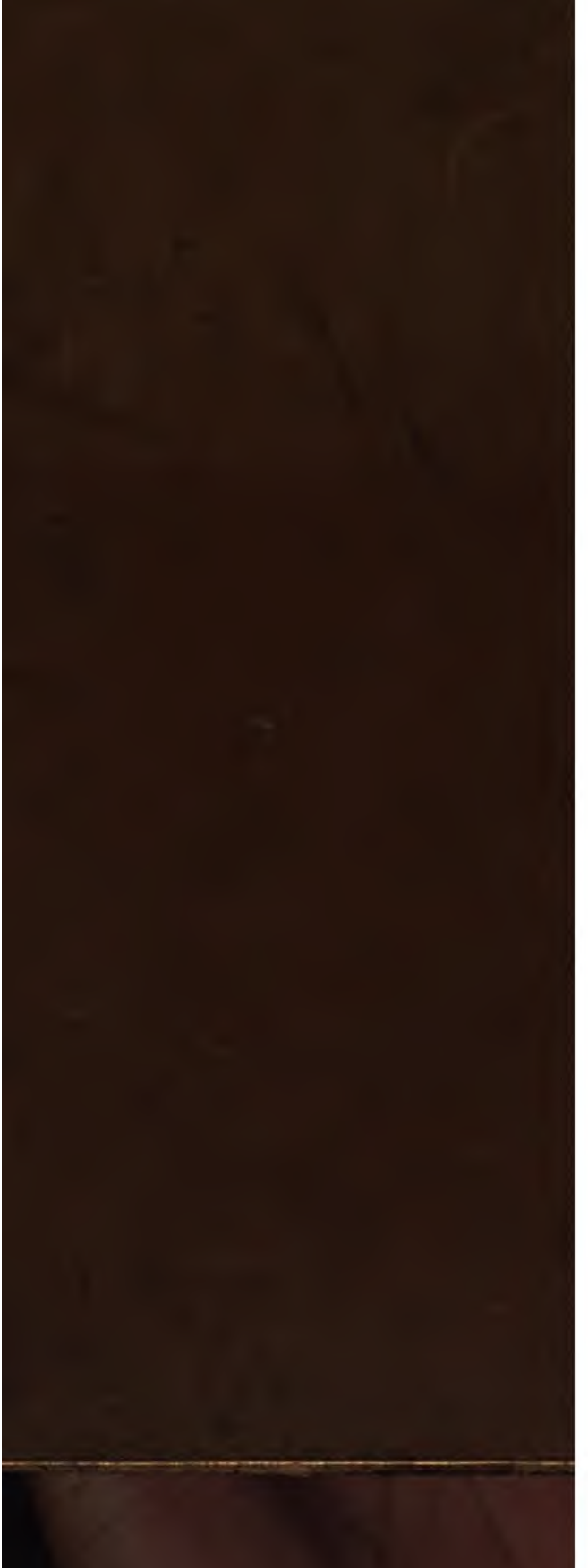
THE country in the vicinity of the river Fyers, before its discharge into Loch Ness, strikes the imagination of the beholder with the gloomy grandeur of the most retired solitude. The ascent to the falls is over rugged precipices, and which, but to gratify the curiosity of the traveller, would scarcely ever be passed. Some years ago, a fir tree was laid across, and formed a bridge over the upper fall; but, owing to the death of the gardener belonging to the Laird of Fyers, who fell from it into the dreadful abyss beneath, it was removed, and an elegant bridge was built in its stead, at the expense of a Mr. Fraser: the execution of this fabric is highly creditable to the architect.

In order to see these falls to advantage, the bridge must be crossed; and descending a very steep precipice, the view is obtained of the upper fall, which we have engraved:—then following a broken foot-path, immediately beyond the bridge, the lower fall presents itself:



FYERS, UPPER FALL.

Dim seen through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below, the horrid cauldron boils.

LOWER FALL OF FYERS.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow
As deep receding surges foam below.
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends.
And viewless echos ear, astonish'd rends.